

# The Weekly Museum.

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## History of MARIA ARNOLD.

From "The Speculator," just published.

IT is three years since I resided at the village of Ruyd—le, a few hamlets, picturequely situated, on the banks of the rapid S—le. Here, under a humble roof, and hard by the village church, dwelt the worthy but unfortunate Frederick Arnold, the Curate of a simple flock, and Maria, the gentle and modest Maria, his only daughter. Frederick, when I first knew him, was near sixty, a man of considerable judgment and great sensibility of heart: His religion was pure and rational, and his charity extensive; for although the curacy was small, yet, by temperance and economy, he contrived to bestow more than those of thrice his property. His manners were mild and engaging, his features expressive, and when he spoke to the distressed, his eyes beamed a sweetness I shall never forget; it was like the rays of an evening sun when he shines through the watery mist. By this mode of conduct he became the father of the village; not a soul within it but would willingly have sacrificed his happiness to oblige an amiable friend. Methinks I see him now walking across the green that spreads from the parsonage to the water's side. Here, if the morning proved a fine one, would the young men and maidens of the village assemble to salute their pastor, and happy were they who, in return for a few flowers, or any other little testimony of their esteem, received a nod, a smile, or phrase of gratulation. Here also would his daughter often come attendant on her father, whom if, in my veneration for his character, I could accuse of any fault, it was in a too-doing fondness for this lovely girl, who, had she not been blessed with an excellent disposition, would certainly have been injured by it. Maria Arnold was then eighteen, and though not handsome, yet was there a softness and expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature; her eyes were dark, full, and liquid; her lips red and prominent; her hair of a deep brown; her complexion pale, but when rather heated, a delicate suffusion overspread her cheek; and her person, although somewhat large, was elegant and well formed. To these external graces were superadded the much more valuable ones of vanity of disposition and tenderness of heart. Maria wept not only at the tale of fiction, at the sufferings of injured beauty, or of graceful heroism, her pity and her bounty were extended to the loathsome scenes of squalid poverty and pale disease. Behold yon little cot, the woodbine winding over its mossy thatch! How often in that little cot have I seen her soothe the torture of convulsive agony. See! one hand supports that old man's hoary head; his languid eyes are fixed on her's, and feebly as the gushing tear pours down his withered cheek, he blesses the compassionate Maria. Thou gentle being! ever in the hour of pensive solitude, when fled from cares that vex my spirit, ever did I call to mind thy modest virtues! Even now, whilst musing on the scenes of Ruyd—le—even now my fancy draws the very room where, when the evening cloed the labours of the weary villager, the conversation of the

music of Maria added rapture to the social hour. It was plain, I remember, but elegant, and ornamented with some sketches of Maria's in aqua tinta. At one end stood her harpsichord, and near it a mahogany case of well-chosen books: One window looked upon the green; and the other, the upper panes of which were overspread by the intermingling fibres of a jessamine tree, had the view of a large garden, where the fortunate combination of use and picturesque beauty took place under the direction of my friend. Here, the window shutters closed, and the candles brought in, would Arnold, sitting in his arm-chair, and the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Maria's voice, or, conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct whilst he highly entertained his willing auditors.

It was in one of these solitary moments of reflection, Sir, when the mind feeds on past pleasure with a melancholy joy, that I determined to take the first opportunity of once more seeing my much loved Arnold and his daughter; and it is three years since, having prepared every thing for the purpose, I left my house early in the morning: My heart throbbed with impatience, and, full of anticipation, I promised myself much and lasting happiness. Occupied by these flattering ideas, I arrived on the afternoon of the third day within a mile of Ruyd—le. It had been gloomy for sometime, and during the last hour there fell much and heavy rain, which increasing rapidly, and the thunder being heard on the hills, I rode up to a farm-house within a few paces of the road. Here I met with a cordial welcome from the master of the humble mansion, whom I had known at Ruyd—le, and for whom I had a sincere regard: He shook me heartily by the hand, and sat me down to his best fare; and having dried my clothes, and taken some refreshment, I told him the purport of my journey, that I had come to see the good Curate and his daughter. Scarce had I finished the sentence when the poor man burst into tears. "Thomas!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter? You alarm me." "Ah, your Honor, I must needs give way to it, else my heart would break? We've had sad work; I am sure your Honor"—"What of Arnold, is he ill?" "No, your Honor."—"What then?"—"But Miss Maria"—"What of her?"—"Miss Maria, your Honor, poor Miss Maria is to be buried to-morrow morning: There is not a dry eye in the village, your Honor; she was so kind and charitable to the poor, and spoke so sweetly, that we all loved her as if she had been our own child. Ah! your Honor, many a time and oft have I seen her weep when poor folks were distressed and ill. "Thomas," would the say, for she often came down, your Honor, when my wife lay badly, "Thomas, how does Mary do? Don't be out of spirits, for what with my nursing, and your's, Thomas, she'll soon be better." And then she would sit down by the bed side, and speak so sweetly, your Honor, that I cannot help crying when I think on't. God knows! she has been cruelly dealt by, and, if your Honor will give me leave, I'll tell you all about it." I bow-

ed my head, and the farmer went on with his relation. "About a twelvemonth after your Honor left us, 'Squire Stafford's lady of H—t—n-hall died, and the young Miss being melancholy for want of company, Miss Maria went to stay there some time: They were fast friends, your Honor, and very fond of each other. Now, Mr. Henry, the young 'squire, who came from college on his mother's death, and who, to say the truth, is the handsomest and best natured gentleman I ever set eyes on, what should he do, your Honor, but fall in love with Miss Maria, and wanted to marry her; but the old gentleman, who, as I hear, never had a good word in the country, and who, God forgive me! I believe is no better than he should be, fell into a violent passion, and stamped and raved like a madman, and made Mr. Henry promise not to think any thing about it. So all remained quiet for a great while. But Miss Maria was not forgot, your Honor; for whilst she was upon a second visit at the 'Squire's, about four months ago, Mr. Henry tried to carry her off; but the servants were too nimble for them, and they were brought back again; and then your Honor, there were sad doings indeed! Miss Maria fell into fits; and Mr. Henry, after having had a terrible quarrel with his father, was sent to Dover the next morning, and ordered to embark for France. A very short time, your Honor, after Mr. Henry had been gone, poor Miss Maria was discovered to be with child, and the 'Squire, in spite of all the tears and intreaties of his daughter, actually turned Miss Maria out of doors; nor would he let her have the chaise, but, locking up Miss Stafford, obliged her to walk home by herself, and your Honor knows it is ten long miles. All this, your Honor, was done in such a hurry that nobody knew of it here: And one pleasant evening, as we were dancing on the green before the parsonage house, for it was always our custom, as your Honor knows, a young woman very neatly dressed appeared at the one end of the village; she was faint and weary, and, sitting herself down, began to cry. We all left off dancing, and went to see what was the matter: But alas! your Honor, who should it be but poor Miss Maria!—Oh, I never shall forget it the longest day I have to live! Her hands were clasped together, and her eyes were turned towards Heaven! We none of us could speak to her, but we all wept, and then she gave a great sigh and fell upon the ground.—But, alack a day! whilst we were endeavouring to bring Miss Maria to life again, somebody having told Mr. Arnold, he came running breathless and almost distract to the place, and taking his daughter into his arms, he looked upon her in such a manner, your Honor, and then upon us, and then towards Heaven, that it almost broke our hearts; for he could not speak, your Honor; his heart was so full, he could not speak: But just at this moment Miss Maria opened her eyes, and, seeing her father, she shrieked, and fell into strong fits. He started, and snatching her hastily up, ran towards the parsonage, and here, your Honor, the fits continuing, she miscarried.—As for poor Mr. Arnold, he was quite overcome, and he wept, and took

on so sorely, that we thought he would never have got the better of it. "Oh, my Maria," he said, "you have killed your poor father; you have bowed him with sorrow to the grave;" and then he knelt down by the bed side. "Forsake me not, my God," he cried, "in my old age, when I am grey-headed; forsake me not when my strength faileth me." He then got to comfort Miss Maria, but she would not be comforted, your Honor, and kept crying, her dear father would not forgive her; but he said he would, and kissed her, and then she wept a great deal, and was quiet. All the village, by this time, had got round the parsonage, and there was not a single soul, your Honor, but what was in tears. We all put up our prayers for her; but they would not do, she never got the better of it, your Honor, the every day grew worse, and would sometimes call upon Mr. Henry, and complain of the cruelty of his father, and then she would fall down upon her knees and ask forgiveness of poor Mr. Arnold, who was almost distracted at the sight: But it is all over, your Honor, she is now happy, and may Heaven reward her as she deserves."

What my sensations were, Sir, during this recital, I must leave you to judge, I can only say, that I felt myself so overpowered by the sudden and shocking piece of information, that, void of strength, I sunk into a chair, faint, and unable to express the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happiness with which I had fondly heated my imagination, were now no more; in their place, a scene, of all others the most distressing to my heart, presented itself; the image of my worthy Arnold stretched weeping on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whose innocence and simplicity were so dear to me. Oh, Sir, even now my soul shudders at the recollection of this dreadful moment. Accursed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentlest of the forms of Virtue! May anguish torture his corrupted heart! Little were thou able to contend with misery such as this, with the pang of disappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling passion, for thou wert mild as

Patience, "who,"  
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,  
In mute submission lifts the adoring eye  
Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON.

[To be concluded in our next.]

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### A CHARACTER.

Mr. Harrison,

SOME characters, like coals of fire, are dangerous to meddle with; but a small character, like that fire which remains on the snuff of a candle, may be handled without burning the fingers—and such a character, if let pass unnoticed, will, like the snuff of a candle that's left to burn out of itself, emit a potent effluvia, the pungency of which will invade the feelings, and offend the noses of all that come within its power.

Who is not a profound blockhead, and little acquainted with the company of women, may pass for a while as possessed of common sense, amongst them; who, though capable, will not, through charity, develope him. But a depraved puppy, who would basely dare to insult the person and feelings of any virtuous and amiable woman, by pretending to a passion for her, which is as distant from his real sentiments, as he is from the least grain of truth or virtue, and thus deceitfully, and I will say villainously wheedle himself into her company, and afterwards publicly sport in the exultation of having been favoured with her good opi-

nion, but did not think it worth preserving; I say, for acting in this sort, by publicly paying his attentions to another woman in the same company, and taking all opportunities of shewing a disregard to the first, is, to say no worse of him, a brute in manners, a brute in conduct, and of course a brute in understanding; and consequently not worth the notice of one, who I will predict is a lucky woman, and that Fortune has smiled upon her, in dividing her from such an inconsistent, insignificant, scandal to his sex, who deserves the derision and contempt of all mankind.

I will not be personal in these observations; conduct constitutes the character; and let them put on the shoe whom it fits.

New-York, July 23.

OBSERVATOR.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### A CURIOUS FACT.

IN the month of June of the present year, a Pea-hen in the Alms-House garden, set on a number of eggs, but whenever she quitted the nest, the Peacock (as their manner is) would destroy some of them, until at length he had left but one. A large house-cat, which much frequented the garden, probably having observed how matters had been conducted, now paid more than ordinary attention, and took it upon her, whenever the hen left the nest, to take her place, and lay spread very broad on the egg, until the hen returned, when she would very orderly deliver up her charge to the natural owner; and so it was, that in the fullness of time, their united vigilance and care, produced a fine Pea-chick. Now the end Puss had in view, in this curious process of incubation, is submitted to the naturalist, whether she meant to contribute what she could towards the production, or, whether it was to guard the sacred deposits from the depredations of the wanton destroyer.

P. S. Miss, or more properly (since she has a young one) Mistress Puss and the chicken are often seen together in the garden, while the hen at a distance seems apprehensive of no danger, but happy in the confidence of the friendly grimalkin.

#### Instance of PECULIARITIES in a FAMILY.

THERE is now living at Newbury, in Berkshire, a lady who is one of sixteen children by the same father and mother—Eight of whom were tall, and eight were short—Eight were boys and eight were girls—Eight were twins, and eight born singly—Eight were fair, and eight of a very dark complexion—Eight spoke French and eight did not—Eight were good dancers, and eight could not dance at all;—Eight could sing well and play on some instrument, while the other eight had no musical abilities.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

A Spaniard, who was established in a small town of Holland, and who must have died of hunger had he not had a servant who spoke Dutch, and Spanish, said one day, to a Spanish traveller, who came to see him, "How stupid the people are in this country!—I have resided here twenty-five years, and yet nobody understands what I say."

The Clergyman, who performed service in the Lutheran church, at Potsdam, which Fouga, a celebrated architect, ornamented with an elegant facade of cut stone, represented to the late King of Prussia, that it obscured the interior part of the church so much that the people could not see to read the psalms. The building, however, being so far advanced that this inconvenience could not be remedied, his Majesty wrote the following answer at the bottom of the memorial, "Blessed are those who believe and do not see!"

#### A JOURNAL of a VOYAGE to the EAST INDIES.

By Miss EMILY BRITTON.

In a Poetical Epistle to her Mother.

If you, my dear mother, had e'er been at Sea,  
On a trip to the Indies you ne'er had sent me;  
It half what I suffer'd I e'er had suppos'd,  
The voyage in itself I'd have flatly oppos'd.  
What tho' 'tis too late to repent I left home,  
'Tis not so to grieve that I ventur'd to roam;  
Nor would I yield up my consent e'er again,  
To plough distant seas in pursuit of a swain!  
With tossing and tumbling my bones were so sore,  
Such heaving and setting I ne'er felt before.  
Many days had elaps'd e'er I first got a notion  
That to keep on my leg I must humour the notion.  
For the space of six weeks not an eye could I close,  
As mountains on mountains alternately rose;  
Each roll with fresh tremours my bosom impress'd,  
As a prelude, alas! to the mansions of rest.  
Ah! fondelt of parents! ah! cou'd you but peep  
At your frolicksome Britton thus toil'd on the deep!  
In tears of affection you'd Heaven implore  
To waft her again to her dear native shore!

Oh how shall I picture, in delicate strain,  
The scene which ensu'd when I first cross'd the main;

Or, how shall my muse in clean numbers bewail  
My early hard lot when reclin'd o'er a pail.  
I was rack'd by sea sickness and pains in my head,  
Which gave me such torture I wish'd myself dead!  
You have seen bales of goods and mercantile wares  
Raids by pulleys to windows up two pair of stairs;  
So stuck in a chair made on purpose for this,  
Sailors hoist upon deck every India-bound Miss:  
When pois'd in the air I happen'd to show  
Too much of my legs to the boats crew below;  
Who laughing occasion'd the blush of distress.  
Indeed, dear Mama, I'm oblig'd to confess,  
That indecency so much on ship board prevail'd,  
I scarce heard aught else from the moment I sail'd.

The noise in the ship from every quarter,  
Almost split the brain of your poor little daughter;  
Twice a week 'twas the custom the drums loud to rattle,

As a signal below to prepare for a battle.  
The sailors on deck were for ever a brawling;  
The ladies below in piano were squalling;  
The bulk-heads of cabins constantly creaking,  
In concert with pigs who as often were squeaking;  
Such a clatter above from the chick to the goose,  
I thought the live stock on the poop had broke loose;  
Dogs, puppies, and monkies of ev'ry degree  
Howl'd peals of loud discord in harsh symphony;  
Whilst near to my cabin a sad noisy brute  
Most cruelly tortur'd a poor German flute:  
Another, a slightly amusement to find,  
Abroken bad fiddle with three strings wou'd grind;  
And to add to discordance, our third mate Tarpawl  
Some vu'gat low tune would be certain to bawl.  
But to picture the whole I am really unable,  
'Twas worse than the noise at the building of Babel;  
In short my weak nerves were so deeply affected,  
The tone of my mind was at times so dejected,  
That Doctor Pomposus was forc'd for to heap up  
An opiate each night, my spirits to keep up.

It was often the case on a rough squally day,  
At dinner our ship on her beam ends wou'd lay;  
Then tables and chairs on the floor all would jumble.  
Knives, dishes and bottles, upon us would tumble.  
As late, when a roll brought us all on the floor,  
Whilst the ladies were screaming the gentlema  
swore,

Our Purser, as big as a bullock at least,  
Lay on poor little me, like an over-fed beast.  
Not many weeks since, I had only to scoop,  
From my lap the contents of a tureen of soup;  
And when with clean cloaths I again had sat down,  
A vile leg of mutton fell right on my gown.

Sometimes I was soil'd from my head to my toe,  
With nasty pork chops, or greasy pillau :  
Full many a glass of good wine, I may say,  
By a violent tois was thrown down the wrong way;  
And as on board ship we have no one to scrub,  
As for three months at least there's no thumping  
the tub.

So I think it but proper that delicate women,  
Should lay in a plentiful stock of good linen.

[To be continued.]

## NEW-YORK, July 28.

On Thursday last, the brig American Hero, Capt. M'Dougall, arrived in this port, in 36 days from Havre-de-Grace. We can learn but few particulars by this vessel—a courier, however, had arrived from the Brabantine country five days before she sailed, viz. on the 20th June, who only informed, that no action had happened since those of Mons and Valenciennes; that the armies were not far from each other; that the army in general was deplored the delusion which occasioned Dillon's fate, and that discipline was an object much sought after, and desired by the patriotic soldiery. Messieurs Bussillot, de la Bi-garre, Peabell, and Desdoy, came passengers in the brig.

We learn from Sheiburne, Nova Scotia, that a terrible fire rages in the woods, in that neighborhood, which had, July 6, lasted near a month, sweeping houses, fences, fields of grain, &c. in so terrible a manner, as to render it problematical, whether the settlement will not be broken up.

We learn from North Carolina, that a fire broke out in the town of Washington, on Wednesday the 27th ult. which burnt nearly half the town; the loss in houses, goods, &c. is said to be very considerable.

In the parish of St. George, Canon-street, Ratcliff Highway, (London) there is an institution founded by Mr. Rhine, whereby young women who have been four years in the school, four in the hospital, and five in service, are entitled to draw lots for a wedding-portion of 100l. The days of drawing are May day, and the day after Christmas-day; when six of these young women, who have previously laid in their claims, draw tickets, which consist of five blanks and one prize; but those who are fortunate at one time, are not precluded an half yearly chance as long as they live. But if the fortunate maid cannot find a man who will marry her on that day six months from which she draws the fortunate lot, she forfeits her right to the 100l. which is otherwise then paid. Whenever this ceremony takes place, the concourse of people is immense; and the interest which such an institution has on the feelings of the young female spectators is wonderful.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in South-Carolina, to his son in Philadelphia, dated July 5, 1792.

" There has been no rain for some weeks, if we do not soon have rain we shall all perish. There is hardly a stalk of corn to be seen in a flourishing state, I am afraid it will all perish; the rice seems as though it is going very fast, and unless we have some rain, and that very soon, the crops will be totally destroyed; people are dying very fast in our parish; that worthy lady, Mrs. (Daniel) Blake, died, on the 1st of July; the poor, in general, lament her loss; our worthy friend, Dr. Perry, is also dead. A young gentleman, by name of Greer, who arrived in our parish a few weeks since, in order to practice physic, is also dead: In short, Death spares none.

" We have had a long drought and we may shortly expect a great deal of rain, (and to use the words of a Physician) it will then be Doctors har-vest."

Brussels, May 18.—Intelligence has been just received here, that the little town of Bavay, between Valenciennes and Mauberge, was yesterday taken by the Austrians, 108 men, with 4 officers, who were there posted, made prisoners.

May 25.—This Government has received an account, that General Szary, who had been quartered at Charleroy, to watch the movement of M. de la Fayette's army, having understood that a large detachment was posted at a place called Florenne, at no great distance from Philipville, he resolved to attack it, though his force was much inferior; M. de Gouvion's numbers being estimated at seven thousand, and those of General Szary at but three. The French, after an obstinate resistance, in the end gave way, leaving 150 dead, several wounded, three pieces of cannon, and all their baggage and ammunition; the loss of the Austrians was 4 killed, and 22 wounded. No more particular circumstances of this action are as yet received.

London, May 29.—It is reported, that intelligence was this morning brought to town by the Dover mail, said to have been received there just before the coach set off, stating, that the Queen of France had been murdered; but reports of this kind having been frequently circulated without any foundation, we must content ourselves for the present with simply stating the report, without vouching in any way for its authenticity.

On Friday the 25th, in the 74th year of his age, died, the Right Hon. GEORGE BRIDGES RODNEY, Lord Rodney, Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, Somersetshire, Baron and K. B. an Admiral of White, and Vice-Admiral of England; His Lordship is succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son, the Hon. George Rodney, who married, April 10th, 1781, Martha, daughter of the Right Hon. Alexander Harley, and his issue.

Litchfield, July 18.—One day last week, the bellman of New-Milford, fell from the belfrey to the lower floor (more than 30 feet) and was killed. A child of the Rev. Mr. Griswold, about eighteen months old, and another of three years old, (the youngest he held in his arms, and the oldest by the hand) fell with him. When taken up the children were undamaged, and no appearance of life in either;—happily, however, one is almost restored; and though Mr. Griswold's is yet languishing, there are hopes of its recovery.

Philadelphia, July 21.—The brig Charleston, Capt. Garman, from this port, is arrived at Charleston. On the 5th inst. in the evening, there arose a heavy squall, attended with rain, and severe lightning and thunder—during which the foremast of the brig was struck by the lightning, and very much shivered—passing from thence it killed a horse on deck, belonging to the Hon. W. Smith, and splintered the mainmast, melting a brass plate round it—thence descending into the cabin, swept in a man who was sitting under the companion, and knocked down Mr. W. P. Young, who lay a considerable time deprived of his senses, and was very much scorched and otherwise hurt. The mate and several hands who were on deck, were all knocked down, and remained lifeless for some time. The shock was so great that the brig was stopped in her way, and every person on board thrown into the greatest consternation.

WANTED in a small family, a WOMAN with a good breast of Milk. None need apply unless they can be well recommended. Enquire of the Printer.

A N APPRENTICE to the Shoemaking Business, wanted by William H. Bartlett, No. 8, Smith street. June 16.

## MARRIED

At Springfield, Massachusetts, the Honourable FISHER AMES, Esq. Member of Congress, to Miss FRANCES WORTHINGTON, daughter of the Honorable John Worthington, Esq. of that town.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, ROBERT SEAMAN, Merchant, to Miss NANCY McREADY, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuntze, Col. JOHN SMART, to Mrs. STEVENS, both of this city.

Same evening by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. PHILIP MINTHORN, to Miss SOPHIA WALDRON, of this city.

Doct. PETER FAUGERES, to Miss MARGARET BLECKER, Daughter of Mr. John Bleeker, of this city,

" May they with happiness be bless'd  
May love their time employ,  
May earth perpetuate the joys,  
And Heaven increase their joy."

At a meeting of the Directors of the Tammarial Tontine, held at the City Tavern, the 26th June, 1792, the following resolutions were passed.

" RESOLVED, That the two dollars remaining to be paid on the second payment, with the interest due on the same, be paid on or before the first day of August next ensuing; and that the shares unpaid for, on that day, be and are hereby forfeited to the benefit of the Tontine.

" Resolved, That the Treasurer is receiving this payment, be authorized to receive scrip in lieu of three fourths of the sum due, by any person or persons allowing for each scrip, or representative of one share, the sum that has been actually paid on the same; the other fourth being receivable only in cash.

A true copy from the minutes,  
BENJAMIN STRONG, Sec'y.  
New-York, July 20, 1792.

TAKEN UP by the subscriber, living in Rye, a Negro Boy, who calls his name BOB, and says that he is a free born Negro, and ran away from his master residing in Philadelphia, on or about the first of this instant. He is pretty stout built, and active: to appearance about 14 or 15 years of age.—Any person proving their property to said Negro, may have him by applying to the Subscriber.

WRIGHT FROST.

Rye, July 14, 1792.

## TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE, which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

" It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,  
And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd." In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/-each, and Children 1/-each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.)

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## The COURT of APOLLO.

### The SLAVE.

THE sun, declining, pass'd the western hills,  
And gentle breezes curl'd the winding rills  
The moon in silent majesty arose,  
And weary Negroes sought for calm repose.  
Scorch'd by the burning sun's meridian ray,  
All wish'd refreshment from the blaze of day—  
But one unhappy slave oppres'd with care,  
O'erwhelm'd with grief, and mad with fell despair.  
Forsook the grown. On Afric's burning shore  
He'd left his friends his absence to deplore;  
His wife, his children, in their native land,  
(Subjected by a tyrant's curs'd command)  
In poverty and wretchedness retire;  
Nor know the friend, the husband, or the sire,  
Such sad reflexions never left his breast,  
His eyes forgot the balmy sweets of rest;  
His tongue forgot to sing the songs of joy,  
No more did mirth or love his hours employ;  
Far from his country, from his native race,  
Far from his little children's much lov'd face.  
And doom'd to bear forever slavery's chain,  
To grieve, to sigh, alas! to live in vain.

O Christians! fiends to our unhappy race,  
Why do we wear those ensigns of disgrace?  
Did nature's God create us to be slaves,  
Or is it pride which God's decree out-braves?  
Had he design'd that we should not be free,  
Why do we know the sweets of liberty?

He could no more, but mounting on a rock,  
Whose shaggy sides o'erhung the silver brook—  
Thence tumbling headlong down the steepest side,  
He Plung'd, determin'd, in the foaming tide.  
His mangled carcase floated on the flood,  
And stain'd the silver winding stream with blood.

### The DRUNKARD'S APOLOGY.

YOU blame the blushes on my nose;  
And yet admire the blushing rose;  
On Celia's cheek the bloom you prize,  
And yet on mine that bloom despise.  
The world of spirits you admire,  
To which all holy men aspire;  
Yet me with curles you requite,  
Because in spirits I delight.  
Whene'er I fall, and crack my crown,  
You blame me much for falling down—  
Yet to some God that you adore,  
You, too, fall prostrate on the floor.  
You call me fool for drinking hard,  
And yet old Hudson you regard;  
Who fills his jug from yonder bay  
And drinks his guts full every day.

### C A S T E L L I,

ITALIAN STAY-MAKER, just arrived from Paris, has removed from No. 22, Water-street, opposite the Coffee-House, to No. 70, Broadway, opposite the City-Tavern, returns his sincere thanks to the ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French Corset English stays, Turn stays, Suckling stays, Riding stays and all sorts of dresses, in the most elegant and newest fashion. Feb. 21. 98.

N. B. Wanted, one or two young girls, of good character, as apprentices to the above business.

## THE MORALIST.

THERE is a great deal of genuine morality lost to the world, merely because it is not clad in the formal garb of dull sermonizing—or is not detailed out in Heads, Chapters, and Sections. The dress with which the celebrated Sterne usually clads his morality is outré—but it is not therefore the less efficacious or liberal. The benevolent impressions made by the moral of the story of the fly, are universally acknowledged—and the liberal sentiment of Capt. Shandy to the honest Corporal, "That if we do but our duty in this world, it will never be enquired of us whether we do it in a black coat, or a red one," has had, and will continue to have, a great tendency to correct the errors of intolerance, bigotry, and fanaticism. As it is with morality so it is with religion—the purity and genuineness of which does not consist in the disgusting severity of a puritanical outside; nor does it in the least depend on nominal distinctions, as was formerly imagined; when the difference of a single letter in a term of favoured orthodoxy, opened wide the field of controversy—where the benevolent spirit of christianity sacrificed to theological rancour, the church torn into schisms, and her wreath of liberty was the blood of her children. As well might the intrinsic worth and excellence of a jewel be estimated from the casket in which it happens to be inclosed, as the goodness of religion measured by external forms, or inferred from the modes of faith. It is built on the love and reverence of the Supreme Being, and an unshaken belief in the words of sacred truth, joined to a warm and practical benevolence towards our fellow beings—piety and virtue are its everlasting pillars—faith and charity being the chief corner stone."

### S K I N N E R,

Surgeon Dentist,

R EPECTFULLY informs the public, he has removed to No. 56, corner of Beekman and William-streets, where he will with pleasure receive the orders of those Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honor him with their commands.

Mr. SKINNER embraces this opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession, and hopes by a constant exertion of his abilities, and a studious endeavour to please, to merit every favor; he performs every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, and can furnish even those who have been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their teeth, with any number from a single tooth to a complete whole set. He hopes to avoid imputation, when with confidence he asserts his ability to effect a permanent cure in a few minutes for the most excruciating pain proceeding from caustic teeth, without extracting them.

Mr. SKINNER substitutes Artificial Eyes in such a manner, as to hide the deformity occasioned by the loss of an eye, and which cannot be distinguished by strict inspection from the natural eye. He demands no fee for performing any operation, unless it equals the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER's Dentifrice Powder and Tincture for whitening and preserving the Teeth from decay, and eradicating the Scurvy in the Gums; sold by appointment at the Inspected Medicinal Store of Messrs. Lawrence & Livesay, Queen-Street, Messrs. Wainwright & Caldwell, Apothecaries, Hanover-Square, and by the Proprietor: price 2/6 each, or 24/- per dozen.

Mr. SKINNER has just received from London, a quantity of the celebrated Ruspinis Styptic for stopping violent Hemorrhages or bleeding; the virtues of this well known Medicine are such as need no recommendation, trial will prove its astonishing efficacy.

May 19.

## A New Invention,

To fix Artificial Teeth with springs, in such a manner that they may be put in and taken out by the person wearing them with ease, and in a moment. They save the trouble of tying and cannot be perceived, as to their appearance or fastening from natural teeth. Made by

J. G R E E N W O O D

APPROVED SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 5, Vevey street, opposite the north-east side of St. Paul's Church, who

I NFORMS his fellow citizens and the public, in general, that he has ever had the approbation of those who have employed him, being the first families in the United States, as well as foreigners, he transplants teeth, cleans and draws teeth, cures the scurvy in the gums, makes and fixes artificial teeth in many different ways, some of which are entirely peculiar to himself, and done in so neat a manner, that he will defy any indifferent person to tell them from the natural ones—they are a great help in speaking and eating, and a great ornament; and if they cannot be fixed to answer the above purposes, Mr. Greenwood will with candour, tell you.

As many people are discouraged, and likewise prevents others from having any thing done to preserve their teeth, or have artificial ones fixed in, owing to the unskillfulness of those they employed; and as there is many not well acquainted with the profession of a dentist, care should be taken to prevent bad consequences, by a little enquiry, as this profession is like many others curious in itself, and not to be acquired in a short time.

Mr. Greenwood informs those who wish to be further satisfied as to his abilities that he has regularly acquired the art and skill of a dentist from his father, who is well known to be eminent in the line of that profession now and for thirty years past; and that in the course of eight years successful practice in this city, he has seen many performances in his line, that were done in different parts of the globe, and none but what he could excel. His performances will convince the truth of the above assertions.

N. B. The extensiveness of his practice enables him to set his prices low, that every one may be benefited. Dentifrice for cleaning the teeth, 2/- per box, and 24/- per dozen.

### JAMES YOULE, CUTLER and GUN-SMITH,

No. 50, Beekman-Street, near St. George's Chapel,

B EGs leave to inform his friends and the public, in general, that he carries on the Cutler business in all its various branches, manufactures Surgeons instruments, Razors, Knives, Scissars, Bandages or Trusses, for ruptures.—all kinds of Cutlery and Gun work cleaned, ground, and repaired on reasonable terms; with fidelity and dispatch.

N. B. Swords for the army made on the cheapest and best terms by said Youle.

New-York, July 21, 1792

6c.

### S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

B EGs leave to inform her friends and the public, in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.

January 2, 1792.

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